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Reading Lessons for the Primary Grades

The Coat that Jack Wears

Written and illustrated by CHARLOTTE PERKINS, of P. T. C. (3 A).

NOTE—The children of the Chicago Normal Practice School had studied weaving, and had manufactured cloth in a crude way—cutting the wool from sheep-skin, washing, carding, spinning, and dyeing it, and weaving cloth on looms which they made themselves. This lesson is a review and summary of the steps in the process.

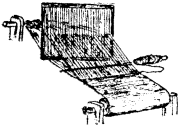


This is the coat that Jack wears.

This is the cloth, so warm and
blue,



That made the coat that Jack wears.



This is the loom, so strong and new,
That wove the cloth, so warm and blue,
To make the coat that Jack wears.



This is the thread that, colored blue,
Was used in the loom, so strong and new,
To weave the cloth, so warm and blue,
To make the coat that Jack wears.

This is the wheel, with its loo, loo, loo,
That spun the thread that, colored blue,
Was used in the loom, so strong and new,
To weave the cloth, so warm and blue,
To make the coat that Jack wears.



This is the wool, carded through and through,
That was spun on the wheel, with its loo,
loo, loo,
To make the thread that, colored blue,



Was used in the loom, so strong and new,
 To weave the cloth, so warm and blue,
 To make the coat that Jack wears.



This is the sheep on which there grew
 The wool that, carded through and through,
 Was spun on the wheel, with its loo, loo, loo,
 To make the thread that, colored blue,
 Was used in the loom, so strong and new,
 To weave the cloth, so warm and blue,
 To make the coat that Jack wears.

This is the man, and his scissors too,
 That sheared the sheep on which there grew
 The wool that, carded through and through,
 Was spun on the wheel, with its loo, loo, loo,
 To make the thread that, colored blue,
 Was used in the loom, so strong and new,
 To weave the cloth, so warm and blue,
 To make the coat that Jack wears.



The Dog and his Image

ADAPTED FROM ÆSOP

Literature Series, No. 9

Sport was a greedy dog.

One day he took a piece of meat from a little dog.

He was not hungry, so he started home with the meat.

On the way he came to a bridge over a brook, and looked
 down into the water.

It was very clear and still, and Sport saw another dog looking
 up at him.

The other dog had a piece of meat in his mouth.

Greedy Sport wanted that too.

"R-r-r-r," growled Sport.
"R-r-r-r," growled the other dog.
"I'll get that meat," thought Sport.
He growled again and showed his teeth.
The other dog showed his teeth too.
That made Sport more angry.
Snap! snap! Down went the meat into the water.
The other dog went away.
Sport looked sadly into the water.
Soon the other dog came back.
He looked sad too.
Sport went slowly home.
Do you think he was a wiser dog?

Iris

Literature Series, No. 10

Flora J. Cooke

Iris' father was the Sun, and her mother was the beautiful Water-drop.

The sun loved Iris very dearly and gave her dresses of beautiful colors.

He made her his messenger to earth.

One day Water-drop and the Sun made Iris a wonderful bridge.

They made it of the seven colors she liked best—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red.

The bridge looked like a great bow, and it reached from heaven to earth.

When it was let down it was fastened to the earth by a great pot of gold.

Many boys and girls have searched for this gold, but no one has ever found it

Sometimes Iris comes down to earth in the morning, and then the children sing :

“Rainbow in the morning !
Now, sailors, take warning !”

Sometimes she comes in the evening.

Then the children sing :

“Rainbow at night
Is the sailor’s delight !”

When Hiawatha saw Iris’ bridge in the sky, he whispered,
“What is that, Nokomis ?”

And the good Nokomis answered :

“ ’Tis the heaven of flowers you see there,
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us. ”

Rhæcus

Literature Series, No. 11.

Flora J. Cooke

One day as Rhæcus was walking through a forest, he saw an old oak tree just ready to fall. “That fine tree shall not fall if I can help it,” he thought. He found a prop and placed it under the tree.

As he turned away he heard a low, sweet voice calling, “Rhæcus ! Rhæcus !” He listened. “It is only the wind,” thought Rhæcus. But soon he heard it again nearer than before, “Rhæcus ! Rhæcus !”

There in the shadow of the tree stood a beautiful maiden. She was the Dryad of the tree, who could live only as long as the tree lived.

The Dryad told Rhæcus that he had saved her life, and bade him tell her what in all the world he most wished for.

Rhæcus looked at the Dryad and saw how beautiful and gentle she was. "Be my friend and never leave me," said he. "That is my greatest wish."

The Dryad said, "Come back at sunset and you shall have your wish."

Rhæcus joyfully said he would come, and hurried away to the village.

There in his play with his mates he forgot all about the Dryad.

But the Dryad did not forget, and as it grew late, she sent her messenger, the bee, to Rhæcus.

Rhæcus did not know that the Dryad had sent the bee, so when it kept buzzing about his face, he grew angry with it and said, "Does it take me for a rose?" And when it came again, he struck it roughly with his cap and bruised its wing. It flew slowly away toward the forest.

As Rhæcus looked after it he saw the red light of the setting sun. Then he remembered his promise and ran swiftly to the tree. But he could not find the Dryad. He called her again and again.

At last he heard her sad voice, saying: "Alas, Rhæcus! I can never see you again. I sent my messenger for you. You were unkind to her. Dryads can only come to loving hearts, and be seen by gentle eyes."

Rhæcus waited in the forest a long time. The moon came up. Then Rhæcus went sadly home. He never saw the beautiful Dryad again.